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"On to Manila,"
By DOUGLASS WHITE,
"Examiner" War Correspondent.



Douglas White, War Correspondent.
Author of "On to Manila."

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Shown from an Illustration in "On to Manila."

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Late of Hotel street, opposite Pantheon
Hotel. First-class meal 25c. 1279

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Dresses Made To Order.

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Dealer in Dry Goods, Grocer-
ies, Hardware,
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All quality L. A. Rice for sale.
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HAS MOVED
From 314 Nuuanu street to larger prem-
ises, No. 319, on the opposite side of the
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Clothing made to order. Uniforms a specialty.
Clothes cleaned and repaired at reasonable rates.

Seattle Beer.
This ever popular Rainier beer
is becoming a household word
and "will you have a glass of
Seattle" is more often heard than
anything else. The Criterion
Saloon have the beer on tap or in
bottles.
American Messenger Service
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444.

DESIGN FOR SMALL HOTEL.

Well Arranged For the Needs of a
Summer Boarding House.

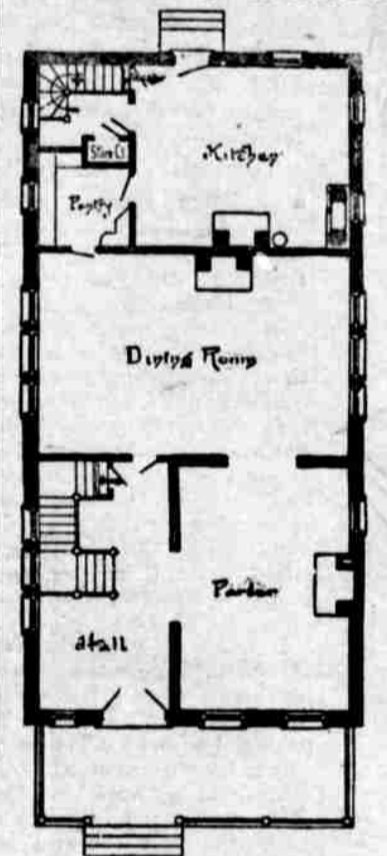
The plans here shown were designed
to meet the requirements of a boarding
house or a hotel on a small scale. The
building would be 30 feet in width and
is supposed to be situated on a lot of
50 feet frontage, thus leaving a space of
ten feet on each side for light and air.
In the basement are located the laundry,
heater and storage rooms for coal, veg-
etables, etc.

The first story contains a large stair-
case hall of sufficient size to afford easy



FRONT ELEVATION.

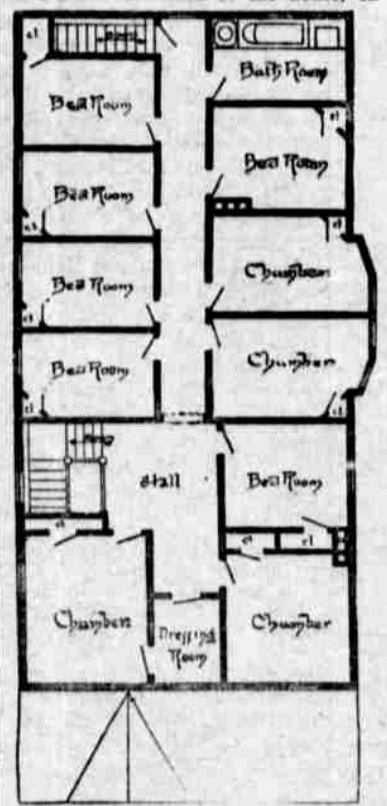
room, check room, etc., for the office. In
the front is the parlor, separated from
the hall by sliding doors. Communicat-
ing with the parlor and main hall is a
large dining room, amply lighted by
broad windows at each end, with an
open fireplace on one side to give cheer-
fulness and warmth, as required. Back
of the dining room is a kitchen, with a
good sized storeroom; back hall and
stairway and a large, well lighted pan-
try communicating with the dining
room and with double hinged doors,
which are self closing. The kitchen is



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

furnished with an 80 gallon copper boiler,
sink, etc., complete, with door to back
yard.

In the second story, in addition to the
bathroom, main and back staircase, halls
and corridors, are ten good sized rooms,
some of which could be arranged so as
to communicate with each other, if so
desired. The plan of the third story is
substantially the same, with the excep-
tion that four rooms are reserved for the
servants at the back of the house, en-



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

tirely shut off from the other rooms by
a partition wall across the corridor.
The foundation walls are of stone. The
chimneys and outside walls of the first
story are of hard brick laid in red mortar.
The building above the first story is of
wood, with an open timber roof, slated,
with the side walls sheathed, papered
and shingled. A broad veranda extends
across the entire front, broken by a neat
porch. The building can be erected for
\$5,000.

HENRY RANG OFF.

But When He Got Home That Night
There Was Trouble.

Apologies of nothing in particular—un-
less it be electricity—I heard a drug-
gist tell of a little occurrence in his
shop the other day.

He was alone and putting up a pre-
scription behind his large partition
screen when a stylishly dressed wo-
man entered and asked with some ex-
citement for the telephone.

He enquired her in front of it and
returned to his work.

She took off her gloves, rang up
"central" and began:

"2179—street. Yes, yes, Mr. Hen-
ry Weeker. Yes, yes. He's at No.
—Beekman street. Yes. Oh, is that
Mr. Weeker?"

Then her voice hardened.

"Henry, why did you tell me you
went to Philadelphia Thursday?
What? No, you did not. I know bet-
ter. Don't you stand there and lie to
me like that! No, I won't! What do
I care for the girl in the telephone of-
fice! You just attend to me and let
her alone! I'm in a drug store. They're
not listening at all. I want an expla-
nation. No, indeed, I will not wait
till you come home tonight! By that
time you'll have hatched up a fine story
and brought up a couple of brutes to
swear to it. Mrs. Wallace says her
husband saw you at the club Thurs-
day night and that you were going
out to play poker all night. Oh, no, he
isn't! He's a very nice man, and I am
much obliged to him. You wouldn't
dare do anything of the kind! What?
You won't, eh? Well, you'll talk when
you get home! Here, wait a moment.
Don't shut off!"

But the seance was over, and she
paid her 15 cents and stalked out with
flashing eyes that boded ill for the
lively Henry.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Solomon's Temple Cost.

"A Biblical student in this city," says
our Washington correspondent, "de-
clares that if the descriptions of Solo-
mon's Temple are accurately given in
the Bible and by secular authorities,
the total value of that edifice and its
contents must have exceeded \$50,000,-
000,000. In the first place, the value
of the materials in the rough is esti-
mated at \$12,500,000,000, and the labor
at \$3,000,000,000. According to Villal-
pandis 10,000 men were engaged in
dressing cedar lumber, 80,000 were en-
gaged in cutting stone and 60,000 in
bearing burdens for a period of seven
years, who, in addition to their wages,
received 50 cents a day for food. Ac-
cording to the same authority, which is
corroborated by Josephus, the vessels
of gold were valued at 140,000 talents,
which, reduced to American money, is
equal to \$2,325,481,015. The vessels of
silver are calculated at \$3,231,715,000,
the vestments of the priests and the
robes of the singers at \$10,050,000,
and the value of the trumpets of gold
was \$1,000,000."—Chicago Record.

Outsped the Swallow.

A swallow is considered one of the
swiftest of flying birds, and it was
thought until a short time ago that no
insect could escape it.

A naturalist tells of an exciting
chase he saw between a swallow and
a dragon fly, which is among the swift-
est of insects.

The insect flew with incredible speed
and wheeled and dodged with such
ease that the swallow, despite its ut-
most efforts, completely failed to over-
take and capture it.

Likes to Be Kicked.

Hall Caine confesses that he likes to
be kicked, as long as the thing is done
in public and makes him conspicuous
or notorious. He says in the London
Mail: "Even the silliest personal refer-
ence I ever see, however inspired by
paltry feelings, seems to me by implica-
tion a tribute and compliment, being a
recognition of the fact that I am a
factor worth counting with and an ad-
versary worth fighting. And when the
most false, the most mean and the most
belittling of the kind has ceased to ap-
pear I shall know that I am no longer
of the least account."

A Cold Night in China.

One of the facts that we ineffectually
cut into my memory during my first
winter in Newchwang was the finding
on one morning about New Year's time
85 masses of ice, each mass having been
a living man at 10 o'clock the preced-
ing night.

The thermometer was a good bit be-
low zero (F.). The men had just left the
opium dens, where they had been en-
joying themselves. The keen air sent
them to sleep, and they never awakened.
—North China Herald.

City Boy's Idea.

A Gallatin county farmer hired a
boy from the city to assist him through
the summer. The farmer told the kid
to go out to the barn lot and salt the
calf. The kid took a quart of salt and
industriously rubbed it into the calf's
hide. The colts got after the calf for
the salt and had about all the hair
licked off the animal before its condi-
tion was discovered. — Montgomery
(Ill.) News.

Knew What Poverty Meant.

"You have never known the pangs of
poverty!" he exclaimed bitterly.
The heaviest eyes softened, though
liquid to begin with.
"Indeed I have," said she warmly.
"I went to a bargain sale where no one
knew me and found I had left my para-
at home."—Indianapolis Journal.

Happy at Last.

Rebecca Stoner was regarded as the
typical old maid of Kingstown. People
said she had "soured on the world," and,
assuredly, judging from the sharp, bitter
remarks which often passed her lips, one
would not imagine that she found the
world full of sweetness and light. The
Kingstown people would have opened
their eyes wide could they have seen the
old maid one winter evening, when, hav-
ing returned from a walk, she threw her-
self on her couch and shed a flood of
tears.

"Can I never forget him or learn to de-
spise the man who spurned my love?"
she murmured. "Ah, Dick, Dick! I nev-
er will cease to love you!"

Her story was one not uncommon in
New England village life. When prepa-
rations were going on for her marriage to
Richard Waldron, Rebecca's mother, who
was a widow, fell ill. Richard Waldron,
who had been waiting a long time for
Rebecca, insisted upon the marriage be-
ing performed without delay, for, as their
new home would be within sight of the
Stoner place, Rebecca could still be with
her mother and oversee a nurse. But the
mother selfishly objected. She knew
that Rebecca would not be the same to
her after marriage. No one else could
nurture her as well, and she wouldn't be
in their way long. She would go gladly as
soon as she was called up higher, etc.

So Rebecca, sick at heart, but not dar-
ing, raised as she had been, to resist pa-
rental authority, offered Dick his free-
dom.

He stormed angrily at first, but, seeing
her pain and distress, at last said to her:
"Rebecca, you are spoiling your life, I
fear, by your mistaken notion of your
duty, but I must submit. But when you
are free you have only to write to me
for I cannot stay here—and call me back.
Whenever you send, I will come, for I
will never love any woman but you and
will be faithful to you always."

All might have gone well had it not
been that Mrs. Stoner again selfishly in-
terfered. Rebecca and Dick must not
write to each other. It would only keep
Rebecca's mind in a tumult, and she
would not stand in their way long. She
was ready to go to heaven at any time,
she had never harmed a living creature,
she would gladly free them of her pres-
ence, and more enticing talk like this,
which did nothing to heal Rebecca's sore
heart.

As a matter of fact, the old lady held on
to life with a tenacious grasp and lived
five more years of helpless invalidism,
selfish to the last.

When at last Rebecca was free, she
hesitated about recalling Dick, whom she
still fondly loved. What if he had mar-
ried since he had left her? Men were in-
constant by nature, she argued. Yet the
remembrance of Dick's face and his
words as he had so goodly forgone her
to believe in her constancy. Another
doubt assailed her. She had changed dur-
ing five years' attendance in the sick-
room and had lost much of her girlish
charm. Perhaps he would not care for her.

Finally her love conquered, and she
wrote him a letter which would have
brought him, a happy, eager lover, to her
side. But in some unaccountable way
the letter was lost in transit. Dick never
received the message calling him back to
Rebecca, and she supposed, as he did not
return, that he spurned the love she of-
fered. Naturally she was almost heart-
broken, lost her faith in man and never
wrote again. He, on his part, received
no word after the death of Mr. Stoner,
supposed Rebecca's love had a share in
and railed at the inconstancy of women. But
he never wrote, even to his old father.
Years passed, and he finally returned to
live in his old home; but, though he and
Rebecca passed each other daily, there
was never speech between them. They
were now middle aged, and each lived
alone.

One night Rebecca in a restless mood
started out for a walk. She had gone as
far as Dick Waldron's cottage when she
thought she heard a groan. She stopped
then, with fast beating heart, ran up to
the door and listened. The groan was
repeated, and, hesitating no longer, she
pushed open the door and entered. Al-
most on the threshold she stumbled over
his prostrate form. In a moment she
was on her knees and lifted his head
upon her breast.

"Dick, my darling, are you hurt?" she
whispered, passionately kissing his closed
eyes and rubbing his cold hands. Aroused
by her words he struggled to rise, but fell
back. But he knew her. "Ah, Rebecca,
you have been cruel to me," he murmured.
Then, almost under his breath, he said:

"When pain and anguish wring the
brow, a ministering angel, thou."

"I fell and broke my leg and crawled
to the door for help," he began to ex-
plain, but faintly away.

When Richard Waldron recovered con-
sciousness, he found the doctor beside
him instead of Rebecca. "Dick Stoner
saved your life, I firmly believe," the doc-
tor said.

"I know she did," echoed Dick. But
he meant something the doctor could not
understand.

The next day Rebecca received an ur-
gent note from her old lover begging her
to come to him. She could not refuse,
for, as she told herself, he might be dy-
ing. When she saw him, pale and suf-
fering, but smiling gladly because she
had come, the sharp edges softened and
the hard lines about her mouth seemed
to disappear, and her heart beat with a
wild hope that after all a new day of
happiness was about to dawn for her.

All that had seemed so comprehen-
sible to them was now cleared up, although
the missing letter was never traced, and
the village people were shocked the next
day to learn that Rebecca had married
Dick Waldron when he was sick in bed.
"Took advantage of his helpless situa-
tion," some openly declared. Others
ridicled, but some sympathized.

Rebecca heard this statement, but she
did not care. Dick had begged her to
marry him at once, and she felt she
owed it to him as well as to herself to
comply, and so she nursed him back to
life and the happiness they came so near
missing, and it was still sweet, although
it came so late.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Brain fog is largely the result of peo-
ple not wishing to admit that they eat
too much.—Detroit Journal.